









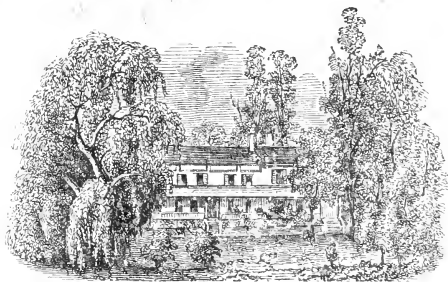
# M E L Z I N G A :

A

## S O U V E N I R.

BY

C. A. D.



GOETHE says, one should at least every day hear a little song; read a good poem; look upon some excellent picture, and if it be possible speak a few sensible words.

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## J O U R N A L .

GUIDING her palfrey along the mountain's  
Side, fair Marion, with her sire,  
Three knights on a pic-nic met,  
All intent shrubs to bring,  
The place to deck, and greet the Spring.

From the mountain they bore  
An Indian arrow head,  
Rescued by Walter from its ancient bed,  
Where long it had reposed ;  
Where deeds of valor and renown

The warrior chief on game intent,  
In mountain hunt his way had bent,  
Along the pathway wound ;  
Now the vine, with genial bloom,  
Luxuriates in the rich perfume ;  
And where vast solitudes dismay  
Reigned with undisputed sway,  
Now teems with life and nurture gay—  
The grape its tendrils bind,  
Obedient to the mountain wind.

To Melzinga's vale they sped, as when  
Along the stream whose dashing roar  
Awakes the echo from the shore,  
And forms the music of the glen.

Both sire and son, with fell  
Disease have grappled now,

And o'er their brightest prospects flung  
The blighted hope, the withered one.  
Young Walter and his promised bride,  
Richly blest in nature's pride,  
Have early proved how brief is life,  
How brittle all its sweetest hopes.  
To rest the heart is not in earth,  
Or cheer its hours with firmest wealth ;  
'Tis not in love to check the birth  
Of poison to the smile of health.

Then far above all sensual joy,  
Let Reason plant her banner high,  
And Faith exult, that she may trust  
Her treasures where the moth can't ply.

A beam divine of intellectual beauty  
Dawns upon the soul !

Oh task me not to tell thee more ;  
The stars are glimmering on the shore,  
The silent night bespeaks a calm,  
And still and hushed the world's alarm—  
We weary, love, without thee !

Wilt thou say 'tis dull, not worthy a thought ?  
With neither fancy, wit, or feeling wrought,  
How shall we such presumption treat ?  
With shrugs and frowns, and grave grimace,  
To thick-coming fancies we must leave the dame,  
Bid her the needle ply, or plod through the game.

But should perchance an appreciating gleam  
Dance in thy fancy, or delude in a dream ;  
With magnetic springs the mind unfold,  
“ Live o'er each scene, and be what we behold,”

Then with kindred soul exalt, inspire,  
Breathe through the heart, and strike the trembling  
    lyre—

Rejoice in sympathy, be firm in love,  
And trust a ruling Deity above.

*April.*

The Journal droops ; the lagging Spring  
Delays the promised budding flower ;  
The hills are brown, and do not ring  
With sonnets at the dawn's fresh hour.  
Neighbor——with converse free,  
Social warmth and genial glee,  
Dilates at length on various themes  
As pleasant as the morning dreams  
Of sunlit hours, when fancy reigned,  
And o'er my life those hearts beloved  
That now are hushed and rest with God,  
Whose loss has sobered all my views of life.

The best embalment of their memory,  
Is training those fair branches  
Whose culture most demands our care ;  
Those mated hearts, whose souls absorbed  
In sympathy profound, seeking a haven  
Fair to launch their bark of life, and on the  
Untried Ocean trim their sails—so fraught  
With pure affection and esteem, that  
Faith believes their voyage of life with  
Happiest gales shall waft them on to the  
Bright eternal shores, where hopes fulfilled  
Shall promised blessedness insure.  
How oft at eve does memory bring the  
Forms of those with whom my heart has shared  
Its joys, and in whose sympathy my fond  
Affection rested, the interchange  
Of thought and feeling too, we miss,  
And deeply share their present happiness ;



When earthly duties are fulfilled, to  
Join them where the weary are at rest,  
Where themes eternal shall  
Employ our noblest powers,  
And time shall cease to be divided into hours.

“ Leave, if thou wouldst be lonely,  
Leave nature for the crowd,  
Seek there, for one, one only,  
With kindred mind endowed.”

\* \* \* \*

The revellers met—the waltz’s maze  
And vocal art with sweetest skill  
Dispersed all mists, and gloomy haze  
Dissolved in mirth and free good will.

The week thus closed,  
The morning dawned,

Assembled we repair  
To hear the gifted preacher's voice,  
To breathe the earnest prayer.  
With souls devout, and hearts disposed  
To grateful themes of praise, to thoughts of  
Good, the mind composed, the patient  
Spirit raised to contemplate creation's  
Work, and all its rays dispensed  
To man, of mercy and beneficence.

“ Poetry hath been its own  
Exceeding great reward,  
Afflictions it hath soothed,  
Rough paths smoothed;  
Enjoyments it has refined  
And multiplied—solitude endeared;  
And to the desire gave birth,  
To tune the heart to innocent mirth,

And to discover the good and  
The beautiful, in all that surrounds us.”  
The gatherings of the clan were frequent—  
The viol and the dance,  
The timbrel and the harp,  
The lover’s powers and the poet’s art;  
All essayed to hasten on the hours,  
To brighten and expand life’s simplest flowers.  
The hour of parting came,  
’Tis hard to sever  
The fond heart ever  
From the joys of sweet companionship ;  
When with another self we have communed,  
The fountains of the heart unlock—  
The streams gush forth of love and gratitude.  
  
The artist’s studio was visited,  
The pencil’s magic work extolled.

The Speedwell embarks from Holland,  
The noble daring of the pilgrim band ;  
Elder Bre<sup>w</sup>ster, with open book,  
Uplifted eye and martyr'd look,  
All gathered round, meekly to implore  
The aid of heaven—and from their souls adore  
That Power whose protecting arm,  
Would shield them from the storm  
And all their fears disarm ;  
Safely land them on the distant shore  
Triumphant on the ocean's bosom,  
And cheer with hope to yield no more  
To miscalled zeal and persecution.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blessed Saviour, I am thine,  
Let me feel that thou art mine—  
Holy child of God I'd be,  
Blest to live always with thee.

Let thy Spirit form my heart,  
All impurity depart ;  
Let thy presence cheer my soul,  
And thy love my life control.  
Then in blessedness with thee,  
Here, or elsewhere, shall we be ;  
Let us cast all gloom away,  
Let it be our joy to pray.

Let us serve thee, Father, Friend,  
Let our souls to thee ascend ;  
Let the electric fire of love  
Seek a refuge for the dove,  
And the olive branch of peace impart  
An asylum for the pure in heart.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The rippling water and the graceful sail,  
The misty mountain and the shady vale,

The humid air, all tended to inspire  
A thoughtful tone of poetic fire.  
The clouds collected  
And the thunder roll'd,  
The rain descended, and the mountains  
Frowned in majesty sublime—  
The morning followed, and the sunbeam  
Dispelled and chased the mists that  
Lowered on night's sable brow :  
Its pensiveness had parted,  
And from the eye the tear just started  
Beamed again with cheerful hope.

Thou wilt be glad to meet Isabel,  
Greet thy dear sister well :  
The ties that bind thy young hearts  
Are tender and deep ;

Bright are thy early days,  
Merry thy roundelays,  
Far be the days when thou'lt weep ;  
Yet tears are the mothers of virtues,  
And affliction the steps we ascend to the skies—  
Then treasure the lessons on life's pages imprest,  
And turn to those heavens where faith never dies.

The daughter has come the circle to cheer ;  
Welcome, thou friend of the heart,  
Thy presence is hailed ever dear,  
Calm pleasure thou dost ever impart.  
How soon the sunshine of youth is o'ercast,  
The shadows lengthen as we pass on  
From hour to hour, no lingering in the  
Sands of the glass—'twere best  
To leave the poetic flower,  
And sweeten the current of life

With smiles and joyous glee,  
Banish pensive images, musing,  
And flee away with sombre images.  
Care worn, melancholy visages,  
Are only suited for cells and cloister,  
Telling beads and *pater noster* ;  
But all this time thy sun descends,  
And what report do the hours bear ?  
Does the recording angel mark the  
Smallest space of time improved ?  
Dost thou guard the issues of thine heart ?  
Are all the sands diamond sparks  
That dazzle as they pass ?  
“ As in water, face answereth to face,  
So the heart of man to man.”  
Brighter than jewels rare,  
Or dew-drops on the ambient air,  
Is the sympathy that flows



From heart to heart, when in  
Bewilderment of delight, we find  
Kindred spirits, congenial mind :  
'Tis too great a bliss to last—  
When found, one ever wings its flight  
To lasting regions of delight,  
And leaves its mate to mourn.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The clouds drop fatness,”  
The earth shall rejoice,  
The time of the singing of birds hath come ;  
The flowers shall spring,  
The green trees bring  
The load of blossoms and fruit.

“ The clusters of grapes sent out of  
Babylon, implore favor for the  
Exuberant leaves of the vine ;

For had there been no leaves,  
You had lost the grapes."

*May 4th.*

Not one thought this fair page to adorn !  
The arrivals were frequent on yesterday's morn,  
From the East and the South  
They all clustered around the old hall ;  
The old and the young, the grave and the gay,  
The boys and the birds, the infant and all,  
Assembled, their devotions to pay  
At the shrine of the Hudson, whose fair bay  
Is reflected, with magical beauty,  
In glass all portraying the artistical duty  
To represent nature, in the verdure of spring ;  
To paint every flower, each blossom to bring  
To perfection—each shrub as reflected,  
And gild every joy of the heart is expected,  
With lover-like tints and hopes ambrosia,  
To expand the buds of the grand magnolia ;

The hearts-ease and tulip, the rose and the lily,  
The sweet blooming violet and modest enemy.

\* \* \* \*

The laughter-loving dames have departed—  
We must retire, while unbroken hearted,  
To repair the ravages of mirth—  
Eleven strikes, around the hearth  
I leave the glowing embers,  
For May still shivers  
With the recollection of her former fevers.  
Sunshine and showers alternate  
Play, and bo-peep keep  
With obedient clouds  
Whose pleasure 'tis to weep.

\* \* \* \*

In the garden I rambled,  
The sweets were assembled—  
The fish and the birds,

The plants without number  
Their names too encumber  
My memory oft with distraction invest ;  
And whether grave or in jest  
Enforced the reflection  
And proposed for inspection,  
The beauties of nature  
Displayed to my view.  
But where turns not the eye  
To the wonders on high,  
When night with her worlds  
Bespangles the sky,  
And the moon her bright crescent displays.  
'Tis then we feel how limited  
Our knowledge, and how boundless the  
Creator's power ; in adoration rapt,  
We seek for signs and symbols to express  
Our feeble sense, of the presence that fills

All space, and onward tends to the perfection  
Of creation.

Enlarge the powers thou hast given  
To man, and with ennobling culture let  
Him train his mind to themes that will  
Exalt and raise him to thyself, the fountain  
Of all knowledge, love supreme and blessedness,  
That passes the belief of finite beings.  
Let their harps be strung anew, and  
All their strings be tuned to melody.

The Bobolinkum's evening song thrilled  
Through the woods, and on the ear resounded  
With sweeter melody than prisoned  
Songsters ; each bird now seeks the retired  
Bough, and with wearied wing reposes till  
The morn again calls forth their strains of  
Melody and hymns of praise ; let not the

Voice of man alone be wanting, to send  
Forth the notes of grateful joy.

The shades of evening closer draw,  
The moon her narrow crescent gleams upon  
The water, the roseate hue is reflected  
In the Hudson's placid mirror.  
For all the mercies of the day, with gratitude  
O'erflow our hearts, and with the brightest  
Beams of thankfulness, let our evening  
Prayer ascend.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, for sympathies divine,  
May I feel that thou art mine ;  
Guide my spirit, fill my heart,  
Let me love thee as I ought.  
Fill my soul with joy supreme,  
Sanctify each waking dream ;

Let not distrust banish,  
From thy presence ever vanish  
Each dissembling fear—  
Let me feel that thou art near.  
Exalt, ennoble, and refine  
The hearts thou formed for love divine.  
Let not low pursuits engage  
The noble beings thou hast made ;  
From strength to strength impart  
The power to purify the heart.  
From star to star let bliss extend  
From world to world that has no end ;  
Wisdom from thy self impart,  
To know thee, as alone thou art.  
Cleave the rock, and let the waters flow,  
From duty to be happier than we know.  
Let it be our meat and drink  
Thy will to do, while on the brink

Of life we pass the valley through.  
Draw from the picture gallery  
Painted by memory.  
Let the strings vibrate—  
May all the notes penetrate ;  
Happily thankful, let the notes ascend  
To thee, the source, the fountain and the end.

*May 21.*

Welcome a well known guest,  
Who with varied powers  
Gives wings to the hours—  
Instruction imparts  
With hilarity's art.  
By Dryden and Pope the breakfast is graced—  
At the close of the meal to the garden they haste ;  
And with congenial powers  
Beguile the fleeting hours.  
“ Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,  
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews ;



Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,  
The thin undress of superficial light :  
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,  
Blushing in bright diversities of day.  
Each painted floweret, in the stream below,  
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow ;  
Here aged trees embowering walks compose,  
And mount the hill in venerable rows.”  
There oft retired the Ionian bard peruse—  
Astonished that his cultivated muse  
No higher themes than fabled woes could dare,  
The warrior’s battles and the charms of fair.  
We miss not much the intercourse that flows  
From casual meetings ; how few who know  
The method to impart, for mind the culture,  
And for warmth the heart.  
To books, those silent solacers, we’re driven—  
To comfort us on earth, and form for Heaven.

*May 23.*

R. views with a jealous eye his brother's fame ;

D. is not sick—luxury and ease his aim—

S. sarcastically sweet he calls,

F. is bustling busy in the halls.

H. is made to stir the people up.

Then prithee, friend, what are thy deserts,

And why thus unappreciated thy worth ?

The world to folly and the love of lucre given,

Does not devote the zeal it should to heaven ;

Thy sense and talent not rated as they should,

To all intents and purpose, by the good.

Then let the sweets of life thy mind presage,

And prune away the shoots that now engage ;

Good humor will the gloom dispel,

And teach the blessed wisdom of judging well.

*May 24.*

The few assembled to meditate awhile

On subjects lofty, and on themes divine.

To raise their thoughts from earth to heaven,  
Thanks to return for mercies given,  
And supplicate for full supplies  
Of spiritual food, and aims beyond the skies.

## ON NAMING A HALL.

*May 25.*

To designate the halls where crowds shall meet  
In council or devotion, to complete  
The honor paid his fame has won,  
We'll call it by the name of Washington !  
These hills have echoed to his well earned fame,  
Each heart reveres and venerates his name.  
To future ages we will hand the theme  
Dear to each mind ; and pleasing as the dream  
Of cherished forms, his partners in the toil

Of war were here in duty found,  
Each sacred relique to the heart is bound.  
The memory vibrates with reverential fear,  
Filial affection drops the grateful tear ;  
By a nation cherished as her honor'd son,  
The cypress and the laurel form the wreath he won.

\* \* \* \*

The full heart would expand  
From memory's band, and o'erflow with flowers,  
Joyous were the hours  
When, with sympathy met,  
They strove to forget  
That time had wasted their flowers.  
Along the bank of life they parted ;  
And o'er the summer of their days  
Were their hearts united.  
He's dead ! She'll ne'er behold him more—  
She'll seek him in the bowers above,

And there perfected will be their love !  
In robes of white, with hymns of praise,  
The anthems to *His* name they'll raise.  
With garlands of celestial flowers  
We'll sanctify the passing hours ;  
Then in perfect strains of bliss  
We'll dedicate such happiness.

\* \* \* \*

We steamed and railed, till our welcome  
Warm hearted, was shown by the cordial glow  
That from the city of love should ever flow ;  
The sun shone bright, and busy sounds  
Were heard around.  
To Laurel Hill, we visited the mansions  
Of the dead, and gathered flowers—  
They've bloomed where the dead repose  
And in peace have rescued their sorrows  
And their woes from this world's haunts—

Their spirits soar aloft, and in brightest  
Gems arrayed, will waft, their harps displayed ;  
Borne above the jars and strife  
That agitate this mortal life,  
They hail us from the realms of day,  
Sister spirits, come away—  
We'll haste with joy to brighten gems  
That shine immortal in those realms,  
Where bliss and peace forever dwell,  
Eternal joys no tongue can tell ;  
Then tune our harps to sweetest sound,  
And modulate their strains around.  
'Twill emulate our souls anew,  
To contemplate this pensive view,  
With stream and gently sloping hill—  
Obedient to the sculptor's will,  
The monumental urn,  
Bespeaks affliction stern,

That severed from the parent stems  
The cherished, brightest gems  
Of hopes and joys the highest given,  
To train the human heart for heaven.

Next day we visited the Carey mansion,  
And admired the taste, both rare and chaste,  
Of sculpture and of painting, the stately  
Abbess, and the tragic Fanny, the shell  
Girl, and the marble boy ; no crouching  
Venus, or Diana bold, or rare Apollo—  
But specimens modest and select,  
Refreshed the eye.

After our tea, Lord A. was announced,  
With gracious manners, and discreetest skill ;  
On various themes he spake, at home on all.  
From the Capitol the sage returned,

His hands with papers filled, with plans his  
Head—after dining, we accompanied  
Him to the grounds at the President's house  
Where music, and gay forms the scene adorned.

From the President a deputation came  
Our party inviting, to ascend and view  
The paintings of Heily, the American  
Artist, sent by Louis Philippe to copy  
The form of Washington, to adorn the  
Versailles gallery—the king asserting,  
“That none but an American could  
Paint Washington.” The east room and green we  
Then observed, space and splendor ! but ah,  
How desolate ! no home adornments, no  
Domestic traits to cheer the heart, or animate  
The mind, refresh with little tokens of repose,  
And all the treasury of love disclose.

*June 20th.*

Visited the house and the senate, the



Library of thirty-five thousand volumes, the colossal  
Statue of Washington, the Baptism of  
Pocahontas, by Chapman, the miniature  
In perfection of Victoria, by Freeman.  
Heard Mr. Adams speak in the House,  
All rude disorder and wild confusion,  
All but the reporters were deafened  
By the din.

Then to the patent office  
Where ingenuity has tasked her  
Fullest powers, most skilfully to portray  
With nicest touches, and extremest art,  
All models, displayed with scientific  
Skill. Treaties, and jewels, of diamonds  
Fac-similies, the largest known—by the  
Queen of Portugal possessed.  
Animals of all sorts, birds with bright and downy wings,  
And rarest keepsakes, the gift of kings.

Two guns by the Bey of Tunis to Jefferson  
Presented, one with coral and silver inlaid,  
The other in richest gold arrayed.  
The value three thousand and five,  
A costly morsel from the royal hive.  
Our names we signed in the book of state,  
Then took our leave at the noble gate.

Oh diplomacy ! oh politica ! the thread bare  
Reputation spare—to draw the veil, forbear, forbear, !  
Turn my heart to quiet scenes.  
For purest joys give me the means,  
And let all mental pleasures flow  
From streams, that conflicts never know.  
'Tis rare to find things not overrated,  
'Tis still more rare if not misstated ;  
Give me the judgment to suspend  
All sentence, that would lead me to condemn.

Dost thou not think it savors of evasion ?  
Thou in the friendship of the world art  
Better versed than I, 'tis a painful  
Subject, but alas ! I fear, the shadow's  
More than the substance bear, evasion  
And delusion, lead one on, and end  
Too often in dissimulation.  
I would that thy hopes had better food ;  
Learn wisdom from the shifting scenes of  
Life, and study well the science to be good.

ON SEEING MADEMOISELLE E—— DANCE FOR THE  
BENEFIT OF THE ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

Fanny bright and graceful creature !  
Beauty beams in every feature ;  
Thy motions are all harmonious,  
Would thy hopes were glorious ;

Thy touching gracefulness wins upon the heart,  
And for thy best good, would the hope impart  
That all thine efforts here, may yet result in good,  
Purify thy heart, and let thy soul seek  
Spiritual blessings, for the Orphans thou  
Hast danced this night—is not that a prayer?  
May tenfold treasures to thy bosom be returned,  
Let those who have had line upon  
Line, and precept upon precept,  
Beware they judge thee not.

PASSING UP THE HUDSON.

*June 28th.*

Ye towering hills whose graceful slope  
Down to the water's edge, whose outline bold  
Marked by the silvery evening sky,  
Fringed with the lofty pine or graceful

Hemlock—the dashing boat cutting her  
Rapid course through the parted waves with  
Roaring foam, contrast in bold relief with  
The graceful sweeping sail, a villa partly  
Hid, and part revealed, deep in the  
Embowering wood ; the sparks, like falling  
Stars, quenching their brief light in the Hudson's  
Bosom ; “ The weary sun hath made a golden  
Set, and gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.”

*July 4th.*

The day has dawned, that marked the freedom  
Of the nation ; years have passed when  
With high hopes, and lofty purposes the  
Heroes of the olden time, resisted,  
Fought, and bled, and conquered too ;  
Their sons but little know the fathers' conflicts  
In those times, that tried the souls of men.

On this day it was, two of the sages\*  
Sank to rest, and with the meed in view,  
“ Well done, good and faithful servants,”  
They bowed their heads in bright exchange of worlds.

*July 8th.*

What are the beneficial effects  
Of Herschel's discoveries ? The ocean  
Is navigated with much greater  
Certainty, the latitude and longitude  
Are more accurately calculated.  
With lofty purpose he estimated  
The distance of the brilliant stars,  
And for the mariner gave certain laws  
To guide him when toss'd upon the ocean's  
Bosom, teaching the power to direct his course  
With skilfulness and superior force.

\* Adams and Jefferson.

*July 9th.*

Oh life ! thou art a varied scene  
Of bliss to-day and grief to-morrow,  
Bright spots are woven in between  
From happiness too briefly borrowed.

## A BIRTH DAY.

Dear girl, my hopes for thee are sparkling in my mind,  
With meek devotion thy mother would implore  
Each virtue, science, and hope adore  
For thy development and content,  
And to thy Creator raise  
The notes of gratitude, the hymn of praise.  
Remembering in the season of thy youth  
The fount of wisdom and the source of truth;

Let thy steps be early led,  
And immortal hopes be fed  
With manna spiritual and divine,  
Thy best affections to refine.  
Each wish control, and joy impart  
Rich harvest for the pure in heart.  
May every grace of woman's mind  
From thee the richest culture find,  
Till thou, with every virtue blest,  
Shall flourish in thy soul possesst,  
Then raised above all earthly joy  
Thy noblest powers will employ.  
I ask for thee, the noblest wealth,  
Contentment, competence and health ;  
But discipline must come from thy Father's hand  
Above, and let the little flowering band  
All bloom around, expand



In bright perfection's hour,  
And renew with magic power  
From day to day, in genial star  
Each blessed aim discerned afar,  
To lead them on their heavenly way  
When dawns for them eternal day.

*July 14th.*

Oh loneliness I love thee not !  
Banish from my lowly cot  
Disquieting thoughts,  
That with them bring  
The fears that spring  
From altered forms and dreams of life.

Silent and sad the evening lyre,  
I trim my taper, light my fire ;  
The quiet empress of the night  
Sheds her tranquil sober light

On all the world around,  
And o'er the mountain casts a hue  
As deep, as broad, as lovely too  
As on the river's brink.

"Thou hast taught me, silent river !  
Many a lesson deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
I can give thee but a song.

"Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
'Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me like a tide.

"And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter  
And leap onward with thy stream.

“ Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue,  
From celestial seas above thee,  
Take their own celestial hue.

“ Friends, my soul with joy remembers,  
How like quivering flames they start—  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart.

“ ’Tis for this, thou silent river !  
That my spirit leans to thee,  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.”\*

*July 17th.*

The holy Sabbath morn !  
This day it was that Christ rose from the

\* Longfellow.

Dead, and became the first fruits of them that slept.  
And upon this world of night,  
Burst this bright and beaming light  
Which found the world in gloom !  
That spoke to ages then unborn,  
And cast a radiance around the tomb  
'Till then, unknown before.

\* \* \* \*

With solitude opprest, breathed the wish  
A friend to meet,  
The look of interest and delight  
That met our unexpected sight,  
Cheered and refreshed the mind ;  
And then with sympathy so fraught,  
The trusting spirit was fully taught  
The needed aid to claim ;  
It came spontaneous from the heart,  
To raise the mind with useful art  
Its fondest hopes to hail.

To persevere in duty's path,  
To tax with mental skill the mart,  
And let the numbers flow.  
In exercise let genius find  
Congenial warmth, and answering mind  
In blessedness to live.

*July 18.*

Lovely, lovely, blooming weather—  
Beauteous are the tints that gather  
Around the torch of youth.  
But when life is wasted,  
And its hours have tasted  
The fruits of soberness and joy ;  
'Tis then we gather its lingering roses,  
And in such hopes the heart reposes  
To catch the falling leaves of life.  
Be calm, my soul, and cheer the way  
That leads unto eternal day.

“ Delightful praise like summer rose  
That brighter in the dew drop glows.”

## RAMBLING.

Thou saidst he was behind the age !  
“ Berkeley’s theory of vision was condemned  
As a philosophical romance, and now  
Forms an essential part of every theory  
Of optics. Fontenell’s history of oracles  
In his youth, it was censured for impiety,  
But the centenarian lived to see it regarded  
As a proof of his respect for religion.  
Petrarch kindled a line of light through his  
Native land.  
Rollin is only a compiler of history,  
But races yet unborn will be enchanted

By that man, in whose works the heart  
Speaks to the heart—whom Montesquieu  
Calls the bee of France.

The Addisons, the Fontenells and Feyjoos,  
Who taught England, France and Spain,  
To become a reading people—while their  
Fugitive page, with sweetness imbues  
Every uncultivated mind, like the  
Perfumed mould taken up by the  
Persian swimmer, “it was but a piece  
Of common earth, but roses were planted  
In my soil, and through my pores  
Their odors have deliciously penetrated.  
The infusion of sweetness I have retained,  
Otherwise I had been but a lump of earth.”

Evelyn first taught his countrymen how to  
Plant, then to build, and having taught  
Them how to be useful without doors,

He attempted to divert and occupy  
Them within, by his treatises on  
Paintings, medals, libraries.  
Inquire how the fleets of Nelson  
Have been constructed—they can tell  
You it was with the oaks, which the genius  
Of Evelyn planted.

“ We slowly commemorate the intellectual  
Character of our own country ; let  
Monuments be raised, let medals be struck !  
They are sparks of glory which might be  
Scattered through the next age !  
There is a singleness and unity in the  
Pursuits of genius, which are carried on  
Through all ages, and will forever connect  
The nations of the earth.  
The immortality of thought exists for man.  
Let the intellectual chain of power  
Be carried on from mind to mind.



The book of Telemachus, says Madam de Staël,  
Was a courageous action, to insist  
With such ardor on a sovereign's duties  
In a voluptuous reign—disgraced Fenelon  
At the court of the fourteenth Louis, but the author  
Raised a statue for himself in all hearts."

*July 20th.*

All earthly habitations are dull,  
Pilgrims of earth we linger here,  
Until thy voice shall call us home.  
Peaceful heavenly dove,  
Let thy banner over us be love !  
Thoughts are flowers, let them bloom  
When night is o'er,  
And when our spirits then shall pour  
Into thy bosom our love.

Let those wreathes by fancy drest,  
Emblems of our faith express,  
And holiness to thee !  
Let our minds with upward spring,  
From thy fulness ever bring  
The needed strength and aid.  
Till all thy will performed,  
In adoration we shall find  
The harvest of the Eternal Mind.

*July 24th.*

Oh for society to feast the mind,  
The craving wants of the soul combine,  
To raise the heart above the themes  
That agitate these mortal dreams.  
To cultivate our highest powers  
And elevate our happiest hours.  
With hopes immortal and sublime,  
That will not cause us to repine.

\* \* \* \*

Those words convey  
Sympathy and balm to the mind,  
That needs strength and stimulants,  
And blessed encouragement administered  
By the voice of a friend.  
A bruised reed thou wilt  
Not break ; the smoking flax not quench ;  
The tendrils of the heart thou'lt bind with love,  
And breathe through all its pores acceptance.

ON VISITING A CEREUS TOO LATE.

*July 25th.*

Visited the Cereus, but the flower had bloomed,  
And the progress of time had its beauties entombed,  
Its radiant rays of purest white  
Had closed again in endless night.

How short the glories of the day  
When hasting on their mortal way,  
Who shall with strictest skill impart  
The wisdom to improve the heart ?

Its lasting treasures shall endure  
Beyond all thrones, where all is pure,  
Where flowers of endless perfume rise  
In incense through the ascending skies.

Let noblest themes our minds employ  
To lead the heart to endless joy,  
All low pursuits to banish,  
To purest love our lives devote.

Immortal interests to promote,  
Complete the work intrusted to our care—  
And in immortal honor bear  
The burden of the day.

*July 27th.*

In a solitary drive to the Grange,  
Where primitive simplicity and goodness of heart  
Contrast with others of cultivated art ;  
When next we changed the scene  
And to Neathwood came—where  
Statues and paintings, Dianas and fawns,  
Embellished with flowers, and garnished with lawns ;  
The mansion displayed with delicate skill,  
Refreshed by the fountain and cooled by the rill,  
And cheered with hospitality's glow,  
Sportive humor and the confiding flow  
Of social converse.  
But must not forget that at home we left  
The little man in gray at chess.  
The mountain views he had before enjoyed,  
With artist taste, he skilfully portrayed  
The distant prospects, and the home that made  
All hearts seem dear—and now we welcome

The merry group assembled here,  
The gambols and the sports of childhood's glee.

\* \* \* \*

The baptismal water hath bathed thy brow,  
And on thy infant face doth beam the smile  
Of peace—of such little ones he said,  
“Suffer them to come to me, for of such  
Are the kingdom of heaven.”

Many hearts this day have been refreshed  
In prayer, many pointed to the way  
That leads to life eternal.  
How fares it with the pastor? Do no  
Remembrances cling around his heart,  
With thoughts of country and of home?  
Will not returning health and brightened  
Powers, restore the wish to minister again;  
None since thou left hath raised our minds

So high, or with us dwelt in such communion—  
Lead us where the springs are deep, the  
Pastures full of nourishment divine.

*July 28th.*

Peaceful was the morning scene,  
The harvest ripe for the sickle.  
The reaper with sturdy arm and glowing  
Heart, bound in sheaves the yellow grain,  
Birds with renewed melody poured  
Forth their matin songs of gladness.  
“Oppressive on my bosom weighs the feeling  
Of thoughts that language cannot shape aloud.”

*July 31st*

A social circle on the verandah met,  
And from the voice tuned to melody  
We listened to the tale of fiction.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The silent shaft of death has pierced a  
Noble brow ! the nation mourns ! in thy  
Wisdom thou hast rebuked the hopes of France,  
Around her head hath bound the cypress wreath.  
In the midst of life and health the summons  
Came—no note of preparation, no  
Parting word ; fatal was the blow that  
Severed from the throne, the son, the heir,  
The future monarch. Instructed by Thy  
Dispensations, may the pilgrims of  
Earth learn wisdom ; let rumors  
Of war be heard no more ; battles cease ;  
And sobered nations, learn the arts of peace.

Oh that we had a Christian  
Minister ! one who with tender love and  
Holy zeal, should speak the words of peace



And faithfulness ; whose ministrations  
Of the sacred rites would touch our hearts,  
And with the vital flame illuminate  
Our lives, with sympathy fraternal cheer  
Our pilgrim course, and lead us on our way  
Rejoicing, the young to guide, the aged  
To support and bless. His mind with  
Knowledge filled, his heart with peace.  
To him we'd give our confidence  
And sympathy ; and with the tender  
Ties of earth we'd bind his heart.

*Aug. 2d.*

“ Now night has shed her silver dew around,  
And with her sable wings embraced the ground.”  
Why do we gaze along the trees ?  
No long lov'd form advances, all is silent,  
The ripple of the water's hushed, the  
Groves are still, the youth in distant groups

Their plans arrange, and with gay visions  
By fancy drest, anticipate the coming hours.

### THE BIRTH-DAY.

*Aug. 4th.*

The birth-day party passed in glee and  
Merriment sincere—the dance, the waltz, the  
Goodly cheer, the pleasant manner, and the  
Queenly maid, with bridal anniversaries,  
Entwined the scene with memories  
Drawn from holy cells, deep in the heart.

The hopes that dawn for these rising stars are  
Fervent, and a blank is left, to be  
Filled up by wisdom deeper than our own.  
“On a sudden, I thought the clouds parted—  
I saw Venus and her chariot, drawn

By two doves, in all the radiance of beauty,  
The gayety of youth, softness and irresistible  
Grace." Dear Annette ! I would, for thee, desire  
All to which thy nature can aspire,  
The truest wisdom, and the deepest bliss  
Are found in modest virtue :  
" Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace."

*Aug. 6th.*

It is idle to take up my pen ; the  
Events of the week have not favored  
Reflection ; fears and hopes alternate  
Play around the heart, various are the  
Rainbow tints that paint the horizon.  
" Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden dew  
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,  
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed."  
What is not a task ? Whose numbers flow

Harmoniously ? Whose wit exhilarates ?  
Whose sense refines, whose confidence rewards ?  
Whose love expands, whose tenderness shall melt  
The heart, whose piety shall raise the hopes  
To heaven ? 'Tis fancy all ! 'till stern reality  
Asserts her power, and images ideal  
Fade away.

Two northern knights called to inspect a  
Sketch. Alas, we fear thy haggard cheek and  
Weary look, ill denote peace or health ;  
With all this world can give, thou appeareth  
Restless, disease seems doing its certain  
Work. We grieve to see thee thus, yet thy  
Waywardness forbids sympathy, or the  
Kindly arts of life to soften sorrow  
Or mitigate such woe.  
Wilt thou be borne to the blest abodes above,

Where angels dwell? where loftier themes than  
Earth employ shall rapturously enchant  
Thy quickened vision—where doubt shall  
Cease, and sin be done away?  
Where these cold hearts shall glow,  
These tears shall cease to flow;  
The veil removed that shadows now these  
Hearts, the love of God shall nourish—old things  
Be past away; there shall be no night there,  
“Neither light of the sun, for the Lord giveth  
Them light, they shall see his face, and his  
Name shall be in their foreheads.  
There is a river of pure water, clear  
As crystal. I saw no temple, for the  
Almighty and the Lamb are the temple  
Thereof.”

\* \* \* \*

*Aug. 17th.*

Have you nothing to say of the visit?

Of judgment and prudence so wise !  
Or mountain clad in varied mist,  
Or the panoramic view with chasing  
Clouds or spots of sunshine ?  
Nought of the bat with mystic wing,  
Rapid flight, and graceful swing?  
That baffled all attempts at capture ;  
Ladies covering their hair,  
And lords with battledoors made war—  
With brooms and shingles all upright,  
Poor sightless bird to kill or fright,  
And banish from the gay saloon,  
Where he had chanced to take a peep,  
Seeking for a pleasant station  
Where he might catch the ruling fashion.  
“ Thy pen runs wild. In truth it does,  
But beaten paths are dull and old,  
And various is the mood as the aspen’s  
Trembling leaf.

The retired evening hour, the sun is  
Sinking like a ball of fire, behind the  
Western hill—'tis gone, many eyes that  
Watched its parting rays will never mark  
Its rising, the roar of the water,  
The stroke of the oars, the hum of the insects,  
The cricket and katydid, the song of the  
Locust, the children's glee, the kitten's  
Gambols, all proclaim  
Rejoicing hearts and cheerful aims.

Will-o'-the-wisp and Jack-o'-the-lantern  
Endeavoured to light, on her plodding way,  
The toiling boat, whose superstitious  
Hands, viewed with faint hearts  
The magic light, and around  
Them gazed with fearful eyes.

What tales does history relate,  
But storms of passion jars of state ?  
Of poets, what have been the themes  
But idle toys and useless dreams ?  
When fiction dips her potent pen  
In cells where meditation loves to dwell,  
What are the scenes her pencil draws  
But landscapes spread with fatal flaws,  
Or portraits that would raise the blush ?

\* \* \* \*

#### THE REGATTA.

The scene was gay—the boats with graceful sweep,  
Dressed with their waving pennants,  
Danced on the bright blue deep.  
Forms most fair, graced the “ Emerald ”  
And the “ Seadrift.” Some pleasant converse



Then ensued, cheered and refreshed,  
Though brief the space of time, it proved the  
Force of sympathy, and thought congenial.  
Friendship's chain shall endure forever !  
And ceaseless ages still proclaim, forever.

\* \* \* \*

One might as well say an altar was less  
Sacred for having many worshippers.  
The evening passed far better than we feared.  
An unexpected presence gave interest  
To the scene, and springs elastic to the mind.  
Could genial influences even be  
Exerted, how far from inert would the  
Temple be, strive from apathy to free  
The channels of the mind.  
Of magnetic influence the theme discussed,  
This leads to sacred trust in sympathy  
Of mind ; to feel the power and strength one  
Would reveal.

Away with the heartless forms of life,  
Its stiffened modes, its useless glare  
Awake the notes now borne on high,  
The sacred wish, the earnest prayer.

What is friendship ? How rare it is to find  
A friend to whom with confidence and  
Sympathy we can unbind our hearts, the  
Load of prisoned thoughts that crowd and swell  
The memory, and recollections  
Fond, that fill the eye and bid the bosom  
Heave the unobtrusive sigh ; but all is  
Well ! the pilot at the helm sleeps not ; the  
Watchful and the Omnipotent the constant  
Vigil keeps.  
Time with unwearied wing speeds on, and  
Marks the progress that we daily make

Along the path of virtue.  
With needless care tax not thy mind,  
Thou canst not make one hair white or black.  
Behold the lilies of the field !  
They toil not, neither do they spin,  
Yet Solomon in all his glory  
Was not arrayed like one of them.  
Then cast thy burthen on the Lord,  
He careth for thee, he loveth thee !

This, is friendship.

The passages thou hast praised  
We read o'er with pleasure ;  
Would that the sense and the measure  
Had been more to thy taste.  
In such companionship we take delight,  
Thy visits few and far between  
Are spots of sunshine rarely seen.

Thy gracious manner cheers the mind,  
Thy wit expands, thy sense refines.  
May sympathy enrich thy heart,  
And all the joy that flows from art  
And science ever blend  
In rays around thy chosen friend.  
Let gentleness attune her mind  
And lofty thoughts engage, combine  
And influence such fond devotion,  
As thou wilt pay to thy <sup>dear</sup> selection.  
When thought and feeling agitate the breast,  
'Tis friendship's part to cheer, and from the  
Overflowing soul draw sympathy divine,  
To animate and raise the heart to sources  
Of composure, that blend with holiness  
And pure emotion, to train the soul  
From earthly care and softly breathe the fervent prayer,  
That rests in peace with purest feeling,

O'er all the senses gently stealing,  
And lead us on to hope for power  
To gild with bliss the passing hour.

## FROM MARY.

Come, dear mother, to see me swing,  
Without thee, 'tis no joy to bring  
From far and wide those simple pleasures ;  
Thy smile can cheer, thy sympathy can bless,  
And on my childish head bestow caress.

Oh grant me skill to cheer the heart  
With sympathy profound,  
And with the mantle of repose  
The brightest hopes disclose.  
Let my spirit soar aloft,  
Winged by the messengers of thought.

In such seasons of the heart's content,  
The cloud that lingers on the mountain,  
The pearl that slumbers in the fountain,  
The bird with wet plumage and ruffled wing,  
Chanticleer to usher the morning in ;  
All proclaim the power on high,  
To paint the blush of morning dye,  
To form the circles of the heart,  
And elevate the powers of art,  
To train the mind to simple pleasure,  
And tune the heart in joyful measure,  
In adoration for the mercies given  
To prepare the soul for heaven.

We seek employment for those hours,  
Furnished with immortal powers  
To cluster around this heart-bound spring,  
To wend the way with lofty wing.

For all thy pleasure wait  
In every duteous state.

To seek thy smile thou wilt approve  
And sanctify our hearts with love.  
'Tis thy approval gilds the scene  
With rays shed from the morning beam.  
And dews distilled in evening hours,  
To dedicate those transient flowers.  
Still cherished and loved by thee,  
They'll bloom and bless eternally.

Teach us with eloquent emotion,  
Fervent faith and pure devotion,  
To educate these minds for heaven,  
With all the powers that thou hast given :  
And let our faithfulness proclaim,  
The tender love and lofty aim.

To weave the web of finest feeling,  
From the treasures of the heart stealing,  
Those moments, that animate and raise  
The soul in anthems, and hymns of praise.

What loftier purpose, nobler aim,  
Can we desire or thou still claim,  
Than worship of the Holy One !  
    'Twill purify these hearts from sin,  
Strengthen the virtues of the soul,  
'Twill animate these languid hours,  
To dedicate to thee their powers.  
And from the cells of holy meditation,  
Draw the deepest, purest revelation.

To gain thy favor which is life,  
'To emulate with holy strife,  
The deeds of old, the saints from far



To contemplate each constellation,  
'Till thou reveal with confirmation  
Strong as holy writ—the purpose of creation !

Sinful, suffering man, why wert thou  
Created ? why ushered into life ?  
To do thy Maker's will !  
Thy feeble powers—thy earth-bound mind—  
Thy sensual taste—thy limited capacity,  
Where will they lead thee ?

Oh rescue from low desire,  
And fill the mind with ethereal fire.  
Pilgrim cease thy vain petition  
And bless the terms of thy condition,  
That thou wert born to soothe and bless ;  
To mitigate thy brother's lot,  
To raise his mind and cheer his cot.

To soften sorrows gently shed,  
To watch beside the suffering bed.  
To point with faithful zeal  
To scenes 'twill fill the heart to feel,  
To contemplate the wondrous plan,  
To elevate, and save the man !

A MORNING SCENE.

What painter can portray  
Such tints of heavenly hue ?  
Whose pencil catch the glimpse  
Now sparkling with the dew ?  
Brief are its beauties,  
The rain descends !  
But still more brief the shower,  
The cloud-capped mountains  
Smile again, drest by the sunbeams power.

Calmness reigns ! the sun's withdrawn,  
The sombre hue prevails ;  
Meet emblems of the shifting scenes of life,  
Now in smiles, now in sorrow ;  
Let our hearts from these symbols borrow  
Lessons wise and rare,  
Pictures sketched by fancy's hand  
Dance before the memory,  
Gilded tints from mortal bands  
Speak from the heart's treasury.

\* \* \* \*

*October 3d.*

The feverish dream of life will soon be o'er,  
Our days pass as a tale that is told,  
As we move on from shore to shore,  
The magic forms seem gliding on ;  
Deluded souls why cling to sin,  
Why with every change d'ye bring

The senseless sounds of folly?  
The notes of woe too soon ye'll hear  
For talents wasted, time misspent.  
'Tis wisdom then to turn the heart  
And with the fatal phantoms part.  
Mould the life, guide the man,  
And with discretion mark the plan  
That leads to life eternal.

\* \* \* \*

Those silvery clouds so clear, so bright,  
Now they vary in perfect light,  
Seem to my soul so joyous ;  
Oh let the shadows as they pass,  
Reflected in life's changing glass,  
Bring feeling, thought and gladness.  
My heart is full, too full for mirth,  
I cannot paint its treasure ;  
The thoughts are wild, not bound to earth

Or clad in sober measure.

'Tis not of time or sense I ween,

My spirit clings to thine,

And in the realms above

Thy heart will clasp to mine.

There where purity and love do dwell,

The ceaseless anthems swell,

Here the faith has been betrayed,

But there, in spotless robe arrayed

The seraphs we behold !

They strike their harps of sweetest sound

And leave these pilgrims groveling round

This impotent display,

'Then turn, my soul, oh turn away

And seek thy life above.

'Tis a fair world but 'tis frail,

Trust not thy treasure here,

'Twill pierce thee to the heart it rested on,

Then brace thy mind with holy fear.

“ We have in our breasts a heaven full of  
Constellations, there is in our hearts an  
Inward spiritual world that breaks like  
A sun upon the clouds of the outward world,  
That inward universe of goodness, beauty  
And truth, we are less astonished at  
The incomprehensible existence of  
These transcendental heavens, because  
They are always there, we foolishly  
Imagine we create, when we merely  
Perceive them.”

Bright stars light us on our way,  
And turn the twilight into perfect day.  
“ Do you find no consolation near,  
Rise and seek it higher like the bird  
Of paradise, who, when his feathers are  
Ruffled by the storms, rises higher where  
None exist.”

“ No emotion remains the same, but the  
Newborn are sweeter—nothing fades,  
The growing plant throws off its leaves  
In harvest, but it blossoms again,  
And at length is a perfect tree.  
Man has many springs but no winter.”  
Beautiful thoughts, rich as rare,  
Oh could you with my bosom share  
The peace and strength ye should impart ;  
“ Upon the church-yard of the whole earth  
Should this universal epitaph be placed :  
Here lie the beings who in life knew not  
What they would have.”  
Build upon the rock of faith, then let the  
Floods descend and the winds blow,  
It resists them all, firm and erect it  
Weathers out the storm, the angel of the  
Lord sustains it, his bow of promise will

Never be withdrawn, the colors fade not,  
Eternal in the heavens, doubt not his care,  
His supporting arm sustains the weak, the  
Trusting, "the wind he tempers to the shorn lamb,"  
And to the tempest of the soul cries  
Peace, be still !

\* \* \* \*

*October 14th.*

Cherish thy mother ! she hath borne for thee  
Pain, and grief, and sorrow ;  
The morning's dawn, and the midnight  
Lamp, have marked her watchfulness.  
Small attentions are cordials to the heart.

*Oct. 29th.*

Look not for the harvest here,  
Weeds do spring  
And ill plants bring  
Their blossom and seed.  
But genial fruit must come  
From celestial shores and heavenly home,



Where taint nor blight, nor promised hours  
Are shaded by the nightly showers  
Of deep despondency, then clear away  
Unholy mists and night-dew shades.  
Then spring again with holy light,  
When morning bursting on the sight  
With gladness fills the mind,  
The autumnal tints with varied dyes  
Speak in tones of changing powers,  
Resistless as the passing hours  
That wend their flight with rapid wing,  
And hasten on Time's ceaseless spring ;  
That bears us on to those bowers,  
Preparing by the heavenly powers,  
Where sinless hearts shall meet,  
Where robes whiter than the snow adorn,  
Or fleecy trains then wrap the forms  
Of ransomed ones above.

## MY FATHER'S BIRTH DAY.

*Nov. 10th.*

When all thy tender care I think of,  
“Memory swells with many a proof  
Of recollected love.”  
And when thy watchfulness I speak of,  
My heart full justice to thy memory does.

Refined and purified I see thee now,  
Immortality has clad thy noble brow  
With wreaths eternal, and o'er thy  
Chastened spirit has shed the dews  
Of life divine.

---

“I love to set me on some steep  
That overhangs the billowy deep,

And hear the waters roar ;  
I love to see the big waves fly,  
And swell their bosoms to the sky  
Then burst upon the shore.

What lov'st thou ?”

I love to muse on God's vast love—  
Unite the serpent with the dove—  
To mark the bow of peace.  
Bid sorrow smile and anguish cease,  
In converse with a friend,  
Delight such joys to blend.  
To read affection in the eye,  
And hopes immortal in the sky,  
With everlasting love ;  
Such holy influences adore,  
And on thy thirsting soul implore  
The blessing from above.

\* \* \* \*

Where are the hearts that held us dear ?

Where are the arms that pressed us here ?

Beneath the sod

They rest with God,

Immortal hopes revealing.

Be still, my soul, all thy fears concealing.

His love is ever present,

His power omnipotent !

Whom have we in heaven but thee ?

Upon the earth there's none we desire beside thee.

Riches and grace thou'lt give,

And with thee let us ever live,

These hopes imploring ;

Pleading thy promises,

Thine attributes adoring ;

Comfort thy children here,

Forsake not these little ones,

For of such are thy kingdom.

Bless thou the hoary head,  
Support thou the dying bed,  
Leave not thy saints comfortless,  
Bind up the contrite heart—  
Bid all its fear depart,  
Casting its care on God alone.

*June 21st.*

A peevish shower, an April day,  
The fashion of this world passeth away.  
The places that know us, shall know us no more,  
The friends who now love us, shall weep as before.  
Then treasure the sparks of affection that gleam,  
And gather the roses on life's varying stream.  
Come, thou sparkling wit and gems of thought,  
With fancy filled and feeling wrought,  
Thy influence shed, thy power resume,  
My mind to elevate and illumine.

We seldom weep, when thought and feeling rush  
To the heart, and sympathy deep,  
With friends communing and loved ones meet,  
Then the pearls of nature's forming ;  
The mind and heart fondly adorning  
Force their way, suffuse the eye,  
Steep the heart in ecstasy ;  
Breathe the prayer, stir the soul,  
Seek the influence and control  
Of devotion's kindest power,  
Often at the midnight hour.

## S P R I N G .

*April 25th.*

How beautiful it is ! oh had I the  
Power to paint the scene !

The mountains parted  
With the silvery wave between.

The birds with songs now welcome in the spring,  
These treasures from the bosom of nature bring.  
The sail, the boat with splashing oar  
Awakes the echo from the neighboring shore,  
The mirrored wave reflecting as it flows—  
Along the bank in vernal beauty glows  
Trees just budding and starting into life,  
Mountains brown with every beauty rife.  
The scene is tranquil, holy to the view,  
The lawns are sparkling with the evening dew ;  
Breathe upon our hearts this cheerful calm,  
And free our spirits from the world's alarm.

*Feb. 22.*

The anxious mother moves through the house  
With noiseless step and thoughtful brow.

Another day has dawned upon the world,  
The mantle of repose is lifted from the earth.

Some awake to sin and wretchedness,  
Some to pain and watchfulness,  
Some to toil and sadness,  
Some to praise and thankfulness.

In some lone cave the miner toils  
From day to day—the pleasant light  
Of heaven shines not on him ;  
With patient toil his delving onward goes,  
His weary heart is pressed with woes,  
And penury's stern hand has filled him  
With life's cares.



## ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND GOING TO SEA.

Ah, dear Mary ! the full heart swells,  
When on the lip the word of parting dwells,  
And tears full and fast, from gushing  
Fountains, steep the heart in fond regret.

Though wandering far and severed,  
Our spirits still in sympathy meet,  
We'll kneel and worship at the throne  
In communion deep and sweet.

There united, let faith and penitence  
Bind our hearts, till meeting in the home of love,  
We dwell in harmony,  
And join the anthems of the blest above.

## YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

A fancy sketch my pen employs,  
Now first in verse related ;  
Two children met, their sires had long been friends  
In battle tried, they had heard the cannon  
Roar, and met the enemy face to face.

The peace concluded, that to their arms and  
Country brought freedom and victory,  
Full oft they shared the joy of retrospection,  
And with shouldered crutch would fight  
Their battles o'er, and show how fields were won.

Years had passed, their heads were silvered  
O'er by time's relentless hand, their friendship  
Still endured, and brightly burned upon  
The altar of their youthful days.

The young friends parted, not before the  
Mutual interest had endeared  
The hours passed in companionship  
So highly prized, although it was in  
Childhood.

She to the wilderness, where oft her parents  
To beguile of sorrow, and reverse of fortune,  
Would climb the rock, for fruit or flowers,  
Tempt the stream to catch the speckled trout.  
In woods she'd boil the maple sap, or with  
The Indian in the forest, braid the  
Straw and weave the basket,  
Or in tuneful numbers turn her wheel.

Then mounted on palfrey gray, descend the  
Bank, and with an aged matron, all  
Intent her solitude to sweeten, would  
Ramble through the wood, gather flowers

Richly spread by nature's hand, or ford the  
Dashing stream, when with raised feet to keep  
Them from the river's brink, the aged steed  
Would nearly swim across the stream.

The loved one of her sire—the child whose  
Every wish he'd watched, anticipated  
All her youthful fancies, and had in her  
With parental fondness realized his  
Cherished expectations; whene'er they met,  
His arms expanded to receive her, she  
Rushed to their fond embrace, and on his  
Bosom hushed her childish fears, she  
Filled his heart, and was his only daughter.

Her mother sickened, and oft in the  
Silent midnight watch, while cup or potion  
Warmed for her relief, would the prayer

On bended knee ascend, and with  
Devotion from the heart implore the  
Agency divine, to cheer and bless ; it  
Came—the sainted mother sank to rest in  
Her aged parents' fond embrace,  
And left her child their warmest love to claim.  
The old man wept—but sorrowed not as  
Those bereft of hope. The Christian's brightest  
Joys were his—for she whose loss he mourned,  
Had led the way to immortality.  
Her life had been of peace and love,  
And preparation for the blessed above.

A year elapsed ! to the altar the  
Maid was led, and then to former scenes  
Returned, where her early childhood had  
Been passed ; there advanced to manhood's  
Full estate, she met the youth whose early

Fancy she had captivated ; their minds  
Were cast in sympathetic mould, their  
Features bore resemblance to each other ;  
As sister would a brother love, they held  
Each other dear ; their christian hopes  
United them, and with interest deep  
And true, they meditated in such sweet  
Esteem, he cheered her feeblest hours, and  
When intelligent delight her countenance  
Illumined, in his it was reflected.

He married, and early death divided  
The hearts so firmly knit together ;  
On his virtues she still delights to dwell—  
His sympathy and interest, a loss  
Most deeply is deplored, but a re-union  
In realms above, where heart meets heart,  
Unwounded by reserve or chilled by

Sleight, or killed by cold neglect or blighted  
Fancy, will expand and bloom, perfected  
In eternity.

*Oct. 11th.*

The bride had left her forest home,  
The dew drops on the willow hung ;  
The midnight stars in silent glee,  
Had sung in brilliant jubilee.  
The sails unfurled, the anchor weighed,  
The silent note of time betrayed  
That wandering thoughts were stealing o'er  
The form we shall behold no more,  
Till days and months with weary pace,  
The heart's remembrance shall efface.  
And all those scenes so dearly loved,  
Shall rise and be referred to God.

\* \* \* \*

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream—”

Disease had numbed the faculties, and  
Sorrow with her leaden hand had pressed  
Our hearts, 'twas calm and quiet.  
Pleasure's glow was pale and sickly,  
The measured step and tranquil eye  
Turned to those scenes that never die,  
Speak of the treasures God has given  
To raise the wounded soul to heaven.

A VISIT TO A CONSERVATORY.

Delicate Julia raised her head,  
"Mama we must go out, she said."  
Mama agreed, 'twas sad to stay  
Within the house the live long day.  
At the word, the chariot drove up.



The ladies arrayed in bonnet and plume,  
Prepared to enjoy each fragrant perfume,  
The Conservatory displaying skilful taste  
Where the tendrils are twined, and the sweets  
run to waste.

The cammiliars and daphnes, lily and rose,  
And all the exotics that ever compose  
These choice retreats of odour and fancy,  
To beguile the retirement of every Miss Nancy.

Heard of the poor little invalid,  
Who is led to believe  
That warmer suns and milder skies  
Will health restore to seeking eyes.

But oh prepare, my lovely friend,  
To meet thy sure, thy certain end.

Hope with delusive smile, thy friends beguile  
To listen to their prayer, that thou mayst live  
To bless them with thy love.

We perceive that thou art really ill,  
And little hope remains, that thou wilt live  
To smile again in health.

Mayst thou be filled with immortal wealth,  
Cheered and solaced on thy way  
By meek-eyed piety.

\* \* \* \*

No church without a bishop !  
No state without a king !  
No poets in America  
This doleful change to ring.

Her rivers flow, her mountains rise,  
Her valleys swell in sweet surprise.

'Tis the roaring of John Bull I hear,  
He fills my mind with wondrous fear.

That after all his pious care,  
His feeble offspring to prepare  
For life's noble duties,  
They should pour forth such feeble ditties.

Brother Jonathan can fight,  
But alas, alas, he cannot write—  
In the field of battle, alack, alack,  
He's often cast the furious bull flat upon his back.

“ 'Tis only the dregs of Europe that we see,”  
So I should suppose by the buzzing of the bee.  
Such lordly strides, such noble airs,  
To grace our fields, and deck our fairs.

Such condescension ne'er was seen  
To draw the friendly line between,  
Such gracious smiles, when pleased I trace,  
Dispel the awful thunders of his face.

This fondest hope I cherish in my heart,  
That all his noble sons will soon depart,  
Leaving these wilds their native sons to charm  
And all those harmless critics thus disarm.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

Where for consolation seek  
When earth retires  
And hope expires?  
Poor shattered bird!  
With dripping plumage

And wounded wing,  
Whither, oh whither will ye bring  
Your heart's delight.

The evening primrose  
And the morning light  
Will note your beauties  
And hymns of praise,  
That you to your benign Creator raise.  
Without his notice not a sparrow falls—  
The heavens are spangled with balls,  
Denoting wisdom and power supreme.

Let us read as written with a sun-beam  
All the love from God to man—  
The eternal source of joy,  
Teeming with every plan  
To ennoble and to bless !

Thy hairs are numbered,  
Why doubt his care ?  
He feeds the raven, paints the lily,  
Bids the bud unfold ; and to the  
Troubled bosom whispers peace.

“HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.”

Are these the children thou nourish'd at thy breast,  
To promote whose welfare thou hadst unquiet rest ?  
Are these the beings thou fondled in thine arms,  
Whose sobs thou hushed, and still'd their false alarms.

Affection's streams descend, nor upward run,  
Our life is wasting, declining is our sun,  
Their babes in turn will claim their tender care,  
Parental love inspire, and all those joys prepare.

Cherish the parents who have given you rest—  
“Honor thy father, and thy mother honor,”  
'Tis the first command with promise given,  
It blesses while on earth, and then prepares for heaven.

## THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Her prayers for the child of her love  
Were in season and out of season,  
Oh succour him ! Thou hast tried his heart  
With adversity ; with prisons thou hast  
Visited him—friends have failed,  
Hearts grown cold, but God is a present  
Help in every time of trouble, and  
Doth not willingly afflict the children  
Of men.  
Let him hold fast his integrity with

His life ; let thy rod and thy staff comfort  
Him ; let thy love be to him the pillar  
Of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

*Attended a lecture on the Planetarium.*

“ The heavens are the work of thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars that thou hast ordained.”  
Heard the motion of the planets explained,  
Their relative size, position, and order,  
The inhabited state of Saturn’s border.  
Supposed to exceed in intellectual wit  
The earth’s inmates, as far as its size  
Surpasses our planet—  
Saturn having four moons, the earth but one.

Has the Savior visited all those worlds  
With the same benevolent intent?  
Are these myriads of intelligences .



To communicate and exchange  
In thought and feeling, all united  
As the children of the most High, to shine  
As stars in the firmament of God ?

Assist us to sustain and embrace  
This ennobling contemplation.  
Let it expand our minds with  
Electrifying power, animate  
And spiritualize every renewed  
Effort, till from glory to glory all  
Shall be revealed.

*Feb. 12th.*

Heard Mr. B. on the wants of the age—  
He would break the fetters custom has  
Imposed, free the mind and the life  
From the chains of fashion, break the

Icy bands and iron cleats—let heart  
And intellect, and faith be free.  
Loose him and let him go, the Savior  
Said of Lazarus—let us have the liberty  
Of the children of God, the freedom wherewith  
Christ hath made us free.  
Give us great thoughts and noble purposes,  
Leave us not to grope in the dark, or  
Grovel in the dust—but let the light of  
Day illumine our path, and the sun of  
Righteousness prepare our faith.

Joined with the —— in rich repast,  
Discoursed of the Catholics and religious fasts.  
She would steruly reform the present age,  
Strike out the dandy and insert the sage.  
With powerful arm and resistless will,  
Command the bounding billows to be still.

The good old paths have all pursue,  
Annihilate with frowns all things new ;  
The young command with birch and rod  
To honor their parent and adore their God.  
Setting the injunction still apart,  
My son, my son, give me thy heart.

TO MRS. C. A. D. W.

QUINCY, 30th October, 1841,

*My father's birth-day.*

MY DEAR NIECE :

I HAVE delayed acknowledging the receipt of your volume of journal and correspondence of my dear sister, your revered mother, until I should have read it entirely through, a practice which I always observe in reading a collection of letters. I have found it indispensable for the preservation of any deep interest in the topics to which they relate. Letters written in the domestic intercourse of families are necessarily much diversified as to the subjects upon which they are written, as to circumstances to which they relate, to the incidents which they record, and to the state of mind, of health, and of temper with which they are composed. Strangers, or even mem-

bers of the family of the writer, who after a lapse of years read several of them in immediate succession, can scarcely enter into the spirit with which they are animated but by reading few of them at once, and by alternately laying by and taking up again the book.

Thus have I read yours, and there is at this day no other person living, who can feel a tythe of the interest with which it has affected me.

The writers are all of them among the dearest, tenderest and most affectionate relatives whom I have enjoyed upon earth—a father, a mother, an only sister whom I ever knew, and her beloved husband. With a part of my sister's journal I had long been familiarly acquainted, as during her first residence in England, she had been in the constant habit of sending a copy of it to me, then a student at Cambridge, and afterwards at Newburyport.

Your father's letters I had never before seen, but have now read them with much pleasure. The 17th letter, written on the 20th of June, 1787, at Madrid, afforded me peculiar amusement, by recalling to my mind an histo-

rical incident in the life of Charles V., after his abdication of the throne.

The account of his mode of life in his retirement, and of his death made a deeper impression upon my mind than the history of all his wars and all his intrigues, and the lesson that he learnt by the fruitless attempt to bring the striking of clocks into unison, wrought with such power upon my imagination, that many years since, I worked it up into a versified tale; of which, in the hope that it may afford you some amusement, I enclose herewith a copy.

I thank you for the dedication of your book, and for the separate copy of each of the two engraved prints.

The portrait of my sister is a memorial upon which I can never look but with pleasure, which it is but just should be reflected upon her daughter.

I am, my dear niece, your

Affectionate uncle,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.


## CHARLES THE FIFTH'S CLOCKS.

WITH Charles the Fifth art thou acquainted, reader?  
Of Ferdinand and Isabel the grandson,  
In ages past of Europe's realms file leader  
Among the mightiest of all ages, one.  
Spain, Germany, his sceptre swayed,  
With feet victorious over France he trod,  
Afric' and Italy his laws obeyed,  
And either India trembled at his nod.  
Well, reader, this same monarch mighty,  
Like many of his stamp before,  
Down to the latest of the set  
Whose names I leave in blank as yet.

And with Napoleon you may fill,  
Or Alexander, as you will ;  
Charles seated upon all his thrones,  
With all his crowns upon his head,  
Built piles on piles of human bones  
As if he meant to reign the sovereign of the dead.  
He kept the world in uproar forty years  
And waded bloody oceans through,  
Feasted on widows' and on orphans' tears,  
And cities sacked and millions slew.  
And all the pranks of conquering heroes play'd  
A master workman at the royal trade,  
The recipe approved time out of mind,  
To win the hearts of all mankind.  
But heroes too get weary of their trade ;  
Charles had a conscience, and grew old,  
The gout sometimes an ugly visit paid,  
A voice within unwelcome stories told.



That heroes just like common men  
One day must die, and then  
Of what might happen Charles was sore afraid.  
Of Charles's wars, need little here be said,  
Their causes were ambition, avarice, pride,  
Despotic empire o'er the world to spread,  
Revenge on Francis, who proclaimed *he lied*,  
And chiefly Luther's heresies to quell.  
To prove the wrong of Reformation  
With fire and sword, and desolation,  
And save the souls of Protestants from hell ;  
But when the humor came to save his own,  
Charles stripp'd off all his royal robes—  
Dismissed his double globes—  
Cast down his crowns—descended from his throne,  
And with St. Jerome's monks retired to die alone.  
Charles had a maggot in the mind,  
Restless, that needs must be of something thinking,



And now to keep his spirits from sinking,  
Employment often at a loss to find,  
Much of his time he spent in prayer ;  
In penance for his evil deeds,  
In saying masses and in telling beads,  
In self chastisement, till he bled,  
A drop for every ton of others shed ;  
And much his little garden claim'd his care  
In planting cabbages and plucking seeds ;  
But these were simple occupations,  
And Charles, so long in Empire's toils immers'd,  
So deep in all their intricacies vers'd,  
Some pastime needed, full of complications.  
So long his study had been *man*,  
His sport, his victim, *man* of flesh and blood,  
That now with art mechanic he began  
To fashion manikins of wood ;  
Soon he became a skilful mechanician

And made his mimic men with so much art,  
They made St. Jerome's Friars start  
And think their royal master a magician :  
Leagued with the mother of all evil,  
Like Dr. Faustus, soul bound to the Devil.  
At last the fancy seized his brain  
Of perfect instruments for keeping time.  
Watches and clocks he made, but all in vain,  
He never could succeed to make them chime.  
With choice chronometers he lin'd his cell ;  
No two at once would ever ring the bell.  
Now mark the moral of my tale,  
Which flash'd in sunbeams upon Charles's soul ;  
When he whose chisel could prevail  
Man's outward actions to control,  
So that his puppets seem'd as good  
As living men, though made of wood ;  
Yet ever baffled found his skill

To mould two watches to his will,  
He smote his bosom with a sigh  
Exclaiming what a dolt was I,  
“ By force constraining men to think alike,  
And cannot make two clocks together strike.”

J. Q. A.

1823.

## A DREAM.

ELLA dreamed a sketch of bewitching beauty,  
Which she cannot paint in cold reality.  
She was in a vessel borne o'er the briny  
Deep, and thou didst follow in a tiny  
Barque frail and shell-like,  
Tossed on the foamy billow,  
Rocked on the ocean's pillow.  
Thou hadst but one companion, an aged  
Moor, with whiten'd locks ; with graphic  
Skill didst guide the artist pencil and  
Sketch'd the scene—it seem'd to her like Prospero  
They landed and were transported where

Alternate light and darkness gleamed.  
She view'd thy pencil's work enchanted.  
With glowing fancy on her ruby lips  
Thou press'd a kiss—she lov'd thee  
In her heart of hearts ;  
As she paints it now, it is cold and colorless,  
But when she slept it was warm and glowing.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WE love the mighty stir of the great city ;  
Its busy sounds, its notes of industry,  
Are all to us of pleasant interest.  
We gaze upon the pressing throng, and all  
Their various purposes of life in  
Review are brought before us ; the struggles,  
Fond hopes, and disappointments, with the schemes  
Of wild ambition—and fashion's  
Votaries not a few, parade the canvass.

But in the hall of science, where intellect  
And talent captivate, and accomplished  
Minds portray the sources of true wisdom,

'Tis our deepest joy to listen to the  
Councils of their admonition, to  
Hear those heavenly themes discussed  
With meek humility, and the onward  
Path of virtue dressed with cheering flowers.

Far in ourselves retired, deep thoughts  
Within our bosoms spring.  
More than all else desire purity of  
Heart, and love that fills the eternal mind,  
Ceaseless implore aid from above, and  
Direction seek to fulfil the purposes  
Of life. Rejoicing on thy way, let science  
Guide thee to her peaceful cell, and  
Contemplation elevate thy mind  
To stores of knowledge, and the deep  
Springs of mental beauty, which will invigorate  
Thy powers, and forth will spring a harvest



Of celestial fruit, to satisfy the  
Cravings of the immortal mind when  
Things of earth shall cease to impede  
And clog the wings that soar aloft  
Amid the aspirations of the blest.

There was a sympathy united us  
Unseen by mortal eye, and love,  
Tender and deep, cheer'd and refined  
Our inmost hours.  
Their memory remains to us a  
Vision of loveliness ; could we entwine,  
With recollections of them aught but  
Of blessings, when to us they were the  
Guardian angels that point to heaven  
As the scene of all enduring blessedness,  
And the perfection of our exalted  
Nature, that with beings unnumbered

We shall praise and serve the Father.  
Clouds will be beneath us, and onward  
Tend each purpose of creation still to  
Raise the soaring spirit from star to star  
Of glory. The buds will bloom unfolded,  
And the quenchless flame still upward  
Tend, to renew itself forever.

## L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE VISIT OF MRS. H.

With her children all around her,  
Here she sits at the lov'd home altar.  
Unmoyed by thought, untouched by care,  
We freely breathe the mountain air.

When wafted to times long past,  
Companion of my childhood's hour !  
In sport we culled life's opening flower,  
The buds were fresh and pure.

No chill or blithe our friendship knew,  
But hand in hand the virtues grew,  
And ripened into fruit.  
And now the branches all are fair,

Polished with culture still and rare,  
And teeming with delight,  
As years advance and time unfolds  
The prospect to our view.

Gently descending the vale of life,  
May each solace and emotion  
Brighter prove, angelic scenes unfold,  
And visions full of immortality  
Burst upon the soul.

Ah, then still undivided on  
Friendship's altar let the flame ascend,  
And when all is changing  
Let me find my friend.

.

## RETROSPECTION.

WHEN life's fair dream has passed away  
To three score years and ten,  
Before we turn again to clay  
The lot of mortal men,  
'Tis wise a backward eye to cast  
On life's revolving scene,  
With calmness to review the past  
And ask what we have been.

The cradle and the mother's breast  
Have vanish'd from the mind,  
Of joys the sweetest and the best,  
Nor left a trace behind.

Maternal tenderness and care  
Were lavished all in vain—  
Of bliss, whatever was our share  
No vestiges remain.

Far distant like a beacon light  
On ocean's boundless waste,  
A single spot appears in sight  
Yet indistinctly traced.  
Some mimic stage's thrilling cry,  
Some agony of fear,  
Some painted wonder to the eye,  
Some trumpet to the ear.

These are the first events of life  
That fasten on the brain,  
And through the world's incessant strife  
Indelible remain.

They form the link with ages past  
From former worlds a gleam ;  
With murky vapors overcast,  
The net work of a dream.

J. Q. A.

*Quincy, Sept., 1840.*

## AN ACROSTIC.

I N all the vast abodes of thought,  
O 'er all the springs of mind I seek,  
H onor and wisdom I invoke, when  
N ear thy image I behold !  
Q uenched not, is the lustre of thine eye,  
U pon thy brow meek justice sits.  
I nscribed upon my heart,  
N e'er to be effaced by time,  
C ould all the recollections of the past  
Y ield, this would still remain.  
A round her memory dear to us all  
D ost cling remembrances  
A ll powerful—tender and  
M ost sweet, and lasting as the  
S oul's immortality.



AMID the cares of state, the jar of worlds,  
The conflicts of deep feeling,  
Thou wilt grant some moments to sympathy  
And unite in blest communion  
And deep affection, with one  
Who treasures up the remembrance  
Of our hearts dear companions,  
Whom the grave cannot separate,  
O'er whom death has no dominion,  
But whose love yields recollections  
To be unfolded in eternity.

## ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

*Oct. 5th.*

REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice in light,  
For to your circle ever bright  
Is added one most fair.  
From earthly woes a soul's released,  
A spirit freed from care.

Purity and love his mind possessed,  
With every virtue blest,  
Each grace adorned his life.  
Then strike again your living lyre,  
And from the source of holy fire

Celestial anthems raise.

He lived, he toiled in virtue's cause,

And sang his Maker's praise.

Weep not for him, he's joined his home above,

The aspirations of his heart were love

And sanctity ; no dross defiled the

Temple pure, the offerings rose devout ;

The man was holy and walked with God.

## L I N E S

AFTER HEARING DR. ——— PREACH.

“ REMEMBER me,” the Savior said,  
Then bowed his meek and lowly head.  
Remember thee ? Oh Lord, we will,  
Love and obey, and serve thee still.

In the dark watches of the night,  
When silence reigns and nought is bright,  
We'll think of all thou doth for us,  
And humbly place in thee our trust.

Hoping thou wilt ever bind  
In wreaths of joy this trusting mind,

With gracious hopes our souls inspire,  
Then cling to thee with warm desire.

Elevate our hearts, unite us to thyself,  
Fill us with thy immortal wealth,  
Banish all despondency,  
And let us live, still trusting thee.

## RESPONSE.

RIGHT—remember Him,  
And He'll remember thee ;  
Your eye shall ne'er grow dim,  
Nor shall your strength decay.

He'll not forget you when  
He makes his jewels up ;  
The Lamb who once was slain,  
With bliss will fill your cup.

And when the shining ones  
Shall bow before his throne,

He'll bid you join their songs  
And own you as his own.

Through all eternity,  
Your song and joy shall be—  
The Lamb of Calvary  
*Lives to remember me.*

P. S.

## DEDICATION HYMN.

WHAT though no stately dome arise,  
With costly pomp and sacrifice ;  
To thee the grateful heart we bring,  
Refreshed from thy eternal spring.

The off'ring thou'lt accept and bless,  
Crown our weak efforts with success,  
And let our trusting faith record  
The progress of thy love and word.

Impress thy law upon our hearts,  
And give the joy thy faith imparts ;



'Tis blessedness to be with thee—

From doubt O set us wholly free !

From earth to heaven still point the way ;

We serve thee best when we obey ;

Then hasten with thy blessing, Lord,

Calm every fear, and spread thy word !

## THE IVY AND THE OAK.

ON the Ocean of Life we embark,  
But the world is cold and stern ;  
The blighted blossoms droop and fade ;  
The tendrils of the heart essay in vain  
Its smiles to win—'tis motionless  
At pity's call : on nobler motives  
Set thy mind, and soar above  
Its fleeting treasures, 'twill pierce  
Thee to the heart if rested on—  
Then plant thine anchor in the skies.

*March 25, 1842.*

## TO THE MEMORY OF M. W.

YES, thou art gone, yet still we linger here !  
Faithful to thy Father's will ;  
We feel thy loss ! the love of God prevailed  
O'er thy whole heart, and filled thy soul with  
Faithful zeal.  
Let us still kneel in spirit at the throne  
Where angels worship. May the cares of earth  
Prepare our minds for rest above,  
Where thy spirit waits for those thou left on  
Earth to mourn thy loss, and seek thee in the skies.

## REMEMBER ME.

IN IMITATION OF MRS. OPIE'S "FORGET THEE! NO!"

BY THE HON. E. EVERETT.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train  
Of those around, thy homage pay,  
But wilt thou never kindly deign  
To think of him that's far away ?  
Thy form, thine eye, thy angel smile,  
For weary years I may not see ;  
But wilt thou not, sometimes, the while,  
My sister dear, remember me.

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,  
Surrounded by the gay and fair,

And thou, the fairest of them all,

Oh, think not, think not of me there !

But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,

And hushed the voice of senseless glee,

And all is silent, still, and lone,

And thou art sad—remember me.

Remember me—but loveliest, ne'er,

When, in his orbit fair and high,

The morning's glowing charioteer

Rides proudly up the blushing sky ;

But when the waning moonbeam sleeps

At midnight on the lonely sea,

And nature's pensive spirit weeps

In all her dews—remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not

In Flora's gay and blooming hour,

When every brake has found its note,  
And sunshine smiles in every flower—  
But when the fading leaf is sear,  
And withers sadly from the tree,  
And o'er the ruins of the year  
Cold autumn sighs—remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,  
The hour when, on the gentle lake,  
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,  
Soft rippling to the margin, break ·  
But when the deaf'ning billows foam  
In madness o'er the pathless sea,  
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam  
Across them, and—remember me.

Remember me—but not to join,  
If haply some thy friend should praise,

'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,  
To echo what the stranger says.  
They know us not ; but shouldst thou meet  
Some faithful friend of me and thee,  
Softly sometimes to him repeat  
My name, and then—remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,  
In scenes of festal week-day joy,  
For then it were not kind nor meet,  
My thought thy pleasure should alloy ;  
But on the sacred, solemn day,  
And dearest, on thy bended knee,  
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,  
Sweet spirit, then—remember me.

Remember me—but not as I  
On thee for ever, ever dwell,

With anxious heart and drooping eye,  
And doubts 'twould grieve thee should I tell ;  
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,  
Whence dark and gloomy visions flee,  
Ah ! there, my sister, be my part,  
And kindly there—remember me.



## A NOCTURNAL EXCURSION.

WE must mount our Pegasus,  
(A horse or a ship with nine wings,)  
And on to Parnassus.  
The night it is stormy and dark,  
The stars are not twinkling,  
The moon she is missing,  
And we fear to get out of the track.

Hope goes before, her visions impart  
All that can strengthen our plan—  
Our golden swords we wave,  
Our station take amid the brave ;

When lo our foes the monsters rave,  
We refuge take in yon dark cave,  
A hermit there we found ;  
A sage of other days,  
His mossy couch, his humble cell,  
His limpid drink from yonder well,  
His silvery locks, his noble form  
Seem bent with age, and now the storm  
Of passions deep,  
Beneath his brow had ceased to keep  
Their wonted vigil.  
Years had passed since with the  
World he'd ceas'd to mingle ;  
He rov'd in forest, glade or dingle,  
And sought to draw from the neighboring stream  
Refreshment for his evening meal.  
He pity took on our lone state,  
And all he had he freely gave—

Offering to the traveller faint  
His couch, his cheer, his recollections of the past ;  
All drawn with graphic skill  
From memory's deep and holy fount.

His tales were of the olden time,  
When youth and health,  
Beauty and wealth,  
His ardent gaze attracted.  
The friends he loved,  
The bride he won,  
His hopes destroyed  
Had nigh his brain distracted.

But resignation now  
His breast had visited,  
And the allotments wise  
Though deeply tried, his love and faith

Had triumphed ; the follies  
Of his youth he'd felt,  
And wisely turned his  
Thoughts within, there to  
Seek his happiness.

With calm desires  
He now aspires  
To worship in the spirit ;  
His sorrows are assuaged,  
His passions lulled  
In mild repose,  
And all he seeks,  
Or asks for now,  
Is dismissal from the scene  
Of former conflict,  
The patient waiting  
For the call to come  
And be at rest.

We left him thus,  
He kindly gave his benediction,  
And implored all needed aid  
To guard and keep us on our way.  
“ The iron tongue of time, told three upon the drowsy  
    ear of night.”  
Already weary we dismissed  
Our steeds, and resolved most wisely  
No farther then to travel,  
The day then dawned,  
And the realities of life  
Once more surrounded us ;  
We justly concluded to  
Waste time no more,  
But on with the business of life,  
To cook and to bake, and to brew,  
And with poets and hermits  
Have no more to do.  
'Tis more than enough, adieu, adieu.

## L I N E S

“ Blessed are they who mourn,  
For they shall be comforted.”

SEND down thy Spirit, Lord,  
Upon these hearts sincere,  
Lighten the burden by thy word  
And banish every fear.

Cherish the buds of promise given,  
Nor spend thy life in grief;  
Thy hopes will bloom anew in heaven,  
Thy sorrows find relief.

Then cheer thy mind with God's best gift,  
The power to improve

Thy faculties for him,  
Who all thy life hath mov'd.

Let lofty hopes and meek desires  
Thy mind still freshness bring,  
Till on thee dawn with heavenly choirs,  
The everlasting spring.

*Nov. 21st, 1841.*

## L I N E S

WRITTEN IN 1823, IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY, AFTER THE  
SIGNATURE OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY L. M. SARGENT.

HIGH o'er the Alps in Dauphine

There lies a lonely spot,

So wild, that ages roll'd away

And man had claim'd it not.

For ages there the tiger's yell

Bay'd the hoarse torrent as it fell.

But there the mountain beast, dismay'd,

No more in peace shall roam,

For man, unsocial man, hath made

That wilderness his home ;



And convent bell, with note forlorn,  
Is heard at midnight, eve, and morn.

For now, amid the "Grand Chartreuse,"  
Carthusian monks reside,  
Whose lives are passed from man recluse,  
In scourging human pride ;  
With matins, vespers, aves, creeds,  
And crosses, masses, prayers and beads.

When thither men of curious mood,  
Or pilgrims bend their way ;  
To view this Alpine solitude,  
Or heaven-ward bent to pray.  
St. Bruno's monks their album bring,  
Inscribed by poet, priest and king.

Since pilgrim first with holy tears,  
Inscribed that tablet fair,

Time on its flood, some thousand years,

Hath roll'd like billows there.

What countless names its pages blot,

By country, kindred, long forgot !

There chaste conceits, and thoughts divine,

Unclaimed and nameless stand,

Which like the Grecian's waving line,

Betray some master's hand.

And there St. Bruno's monks display,\*

With pride the classic lines of Gray.

While pilgrim ponders o'er the name,

He feels his bosom glow,

And deems it nothing less than fame,

To write his own below.

\* When Gray visited the "Grand" Chartreuse the monks presented their album, in which he wrote a beautiful ode, which is inserted in his works.

So in this album fain would I,  
Beneath a name that cannot die.

Thrice happy book, no tablet bears  
A loftier name than thine ;  
Still followed by a nation's pray'rs,  
Through lingering life's decline.  
Still honor'd as when erst obeyed,  
That trembling hand an empire swayed.

Not thus among the patriot band,  
That name enroll'd we see ;  
No falt'ring tongue, no trembling hand,  
Proclaim'd an empire free !  
Lady, retrace those lines and tell,  
If in thy heart no sadness dwell !

And in those fading, struggling lines,  
Oh see'st thou nought sublime ?

No tott'ring pile that half inclines,  
    No mighty wreck of Time ?  
Sighs not thy gentle heart to save  
The sage, the patriot from the grave ?

If thus, ah then recall thy sigh,  
    Unholy 'tis and vain ;  
For saints and sages never die,  
    But sleep to raise again.  
Life is a lengthened day, at best,  
And in the grave tired travellers rest.

Till with his trump, to wake the dead,  
    The appointed angel flies ;  
'Then heaven's bright album shall be spread,  
    And all who sleep shall rise.  
'The blest to Zion's hill repair,  
And write their names immortal there !

## TO THE SUN-DIAL,

UNDER THE WINDOW OF THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THOU silent herald of Time's silent flight !

Say, could'st thou speak, what warning voice was thine ?

Shade, who can'st only show how others shine !

Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light

In day's broad glare, and when the moontide bright

Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,

Thy ready favours cheer us—but decline

The clouds of morning and the gloom of night.

Yet are thy counsels faithful, just and wise,

They bid us seize the moments as they pass—

Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,

Nor lose one sand of life's revolving glass—

Aspiring still, with energy sublime,

By virtuous deeds to give eternity to Time.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

No morn was ever ushered in  
With brighter streaks of light,  
Cerulean clouds were tinged with gold,  
The damask and the white  
Were blended, through the arch of heaven.

Rejoice, rejoice, the Christians cry,  
The anniversary of Christ has come,  
The shouts of joy reach to the sky,  
This day the Saviour's born.  
Each lisping child is early taught  
With joy to hail the day,

The treasured gift, the rhymed thought,  
Are all arrayed in hope's blest ray.

No selfish joy possess'd that generous breast,  
That freely offered, bled, and died,  
The sacrifice at once complete,  
The sinful race of mortals rescued  
From evil power, and all its force defied.

O'erflow my heart, with love supreme to God,  
And adoration to his Son,  
The heavenly host of seraphs loudly sung  
When mortals were redeemed  
And all their sins atoned.

Glorious, yet awful hour !  
The lamp of day stood still,  
The heavens were veiled in clouds of wo ;  
Silence, solemn, and unbroken, revealed

The power, of man's repeated guilt,  
That drew from the celestial world,  
God's only precious Son—on earth to be a wanderer,  
He had not where to lay his head,  
No home received the heavenly stranger,  
Unaided by a mortal hand, alone,  
He trod the path of duty,  
Yet not alone, for God was with him.  
But when accomplished once his mission,  
The bliss the glory of redeemed souls  
Tuned with sweet harmony the heavenly lyre.  
Forgiven, restored, and elevated man  
Again lays claim to all his Maker's love,  
The Lamb proclaimed glad tidings of great joy.

No more shall faith and sorrow plead in vain,  
The Almighty ear is open ; ready stands  
Our Father, calling to his erring children,  
Return, return, give not your hearts to earthly



Rest ; raise, oh raise that suppliant eye  
To heavenly scenes of joy, that never, never die.  
Father, thy face we'll seek, thy aid implore  
Feebly at times ; but thou, to whom our  
Weakest hours are known, rememberest we  
Are dust, and must to dust return ;  
But from the tomb the soul shall rise immortal,  
Conscious of her powers, and dwelling  
In the sunshine of thy love.

## EXTRACT

FROM MEMOIRS OF MRS. INCHBALD BY BODEN.

I admired Madam de Stael much ; she talked to me the whole time ; so did Miss Edgeworth whenever I met her in company. These authoresses suppose me dead, and seem to pay a tribute to my memory. But with Madam de Stael it seemed no passing compliment ; she was inquisitive as well as attentive, and entreated me to explain to her the motive why I shunned society ? Because, I replied, I dread the loneliness that will follow. “ What, will you feel your solitude more when you return from this company, than you did before you came hither ? ” “ Yes.” “ I should think it would elevate your spirits.

Why will you feel your loneliness more?" "Because I have no one to tell that I have seen you ; no one to describe your person to ; no one to whom I can repeat the many encomiums you have passed on my ' simple story ; ' no one to enjoy any of your praises but yourself." " Ah, you have no children ;" and she turned to an elegant young woman, her daughter, with pathetic tenderness. She then so forcibly depicted a mother's joys, that she sent me home more melancholy at the comparison of our situations in life, than could have arisen from the consequences of riches or poverty. I called by appointment at her house two days after ; I was told she was ill. The next morning, my paper explained her illness. You have seen the death of her son in the papers ; he was one of Bernadotte's aids-de-camp ; the most beautiful young man that ever was seen, only 19 : a duel with sabres, and the first stroke literally cut off his head ! Neckers' grandson !

*Letter to Mrs. Phillips.*

## NOTES FROM A MANUSCRIPT.

BY E. P.

You inquire my opinion of Madam de Stael. I wish I could send you my "Germany;" you might judge whether or not I prized it, there are little stars enough to replenish the zodiac, if there should ever be need of it.

I am never disposed to be philosophical or critical when speaking of her merits, and can employ nothing but the language of feeling. She speaks of the human heart like one who has deeply felt, and mourned and rejoiced.

To Madam de Stael I cannot help applying the substance of one of her own remarks on the subject of novel reading. I find in her writings all that I myself have

felt, those interior sentiments which had been nourished in the retirement of my own heart, laid bear to inspection, and it sometimes produces an emotion of melancholy ; I feel as if the sanctuary had been violated, I more than once closed the book with tears in my eyes, exclaiming almost audibly, oh tell me no more ! This it is to write from nature.

We have philosophers enough, the world is overrun with them, but our philosophers do not feel, or those who feel do not philosophize.

After all the exigencies of life are satisfied, does there not remain to some of us a superfluity of soul, which the cares of life cannot, must not, ought not to exhaust ; without prudence the world would not go on, and if there were nothing in it but prudence, who would wish to live in it ; by prudence I mean a comprehensive name for all those ordinary qualities by which the solid interests of society are secured, but not polished—not endeared, not hallowed.

Oh still may enthusiasm and poetry, her eldest child, and all the rest of her blessed kin, gild and delight, and cheer the rugged path of our life !

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I could often wish, if the wish were not a murmur, that my heart had been formed without these strange and fearful tendencies, this deep disgust for things that are ordinary, and therefore proper, this desire to possess such an affection as was never yet granted to a mortal, and could not be enjoyed in safety.

I am so sensible of the demands of my own nature, that until I meet with a being whose commanding talents shall awe, while his gentleness wins, I shall continue to sail, like the Arabian bird through the fields of ether feeding upon nutmegs, but never alighting. Whenever I find a genius I will pay him the homage of my admiring heart.

It is desirable in an intellectual and perhaps in a moral view, that we should at particular periods of life devote ourselves with great assiduity to some new and interesting study, no matter whether it be a language or a science, and this for the purpose of arousing the soul from its slumber, and preventing it from sitting down in complacency or apathy upon its acquisitions. To study a new science obliges us to examine the boundaries of the old ones which we have already attained, and it appears to me impossible to kindle a new light in the mind, without adding to the brightness of those that are already burning.

## A CITY RAMBLE.

VISITED the poetess, her ardent mind  
Enquires why comes he not ?  
To cheer my heart, console my lot.  
His pure exalted soul  
Is raised beyond control.

With a friend conversed  
Oh rare and true, are such  
Noble qualities as meet in you.  
Mrs. — fresh and fair,  
In beauty deck'd with jewels rare,  
Good humor'd smiles, with cheerful heart ;



Angelic stores of wit impart,  
And lustre shed  
On gilded roof or lowly bed.  
Why has slumbered thus my pen  
When folly stalks abroad with men !

But one hour I must not omit :  
'Twas fill'd with genial thought and wit.  
Emblem 'twas of passing scenes,  
The Muses' stores were all unlocked,  
The shepherd and the flock  
Rambled at will—and Sympathy  
Joyed to find herself reflected.  
Thus in a world of our own,  
With images ideal,  
Substantial joys all real,  
We glide along gently  
On the current of time, and mark the throng

Whose busy notes fill up the silence,  
And people the desert with images.

“ Can I walk down Broadway  
With this pink bonnet so gay ?”  
Said a sober divine to his friend ;  
I’ll try not to smile  
My thoughts to beguile,  
Then ’twill soon have an end.

The way was long, the dresses fine,  
Sparkling wit and face divine  
Elated the party with gas ;  
And in the midst of sage reflection,  
They would now and then turn to admire the lass.

The bows and the graces,  
The moustached grimaces,

With ringlets and sunbeams,  
Gay colors and day dreams,  
The time was beguiled and seemed short.

I know not when I've received such  
Attention, said he,  
The world seems so gracious,  
All in good glee,  
The beaux that I meet smile approval.

When W. W. left his post,  
As sick of folly as any ghost,  
He said to me, beware of traps,  
Coal pits, delusions, and gay pink hats.  
Whene'er I walk abroad to meditate  
On awful sins, humbugs of the day,  
Or to pick up pins,  
I do remember me of his sage advice  
To guide my steps in halls so nice.

Whene'er I prattle with the ladies,  
Or talk with fond mammas of babies,  
I ne'er forget my thoughtful friend,  
Who warned me of the approaching end,  
And cased my mind in armor bright,  
To shun the darkness, use the light.  
Our walks through life will useful prove,  
It as companion we take the muse,  
Our thoughts to elevate, our wishes raise  
To themes of rapture, notes of praise.  
For recreation too is given  
To cheer the heart, and form for heaven.

Next Dr. — then we met,  
His cordial manner, warm regret,  
Banished all distrustful thought,  
And to our fancy fully brought  
The joy from genial spirits fraught.

Down the way so broad we walked,  
His arm we took ; we cheerly talked,  
He gave us many a gracious look,  
Absolving without bell or book.  
Father —— then stepped in,  
We were suprised to find us in such company ;  
It gave us joy their fond regard to mark,  
And raised our minds, soaring with the lark.

LINES BY H. W.

CANST thou, wilt thou divine aright,  
A reason why like Melzinga is  
Delicious rose at early light  
When morn doth first its petals kiss?

Just like a rose at morn's first dawn,  
Profuse of odor and rich of tint,  
Delightful Melzinga is I pray,  
Why is it so? Why, there's \*\*\*\*\*

RD -

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